

THE GALLAUDET GUIDE, AND DEAF-MUTES' COMPANION.

An Independent Monthly Journal---Devoted to the Interests of Deaf Mutes.

VOL. 3.

GEORGE WING, Bangor, Me.,
HENRY W. SKEE, Hartford, Conn., Editors.

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The Gallaudet Guide, AND

DEAF MUTES' COMPANION.

Published on the First of every month by "The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf Mutes." Devoted to the interests of Deaf Mutes in particular, but designed to contribute to the information of all.

Terms.—\$1.00 a year, *variably in advance*; to pupils in institutions for the Deaf and Dumb, *Fifty cents*. Subscriptions should be sent to DEWITT TOUSLEY, Esq., Am Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, Hartford, Conn.

Editors.—Messrs. GEORGE WING, Bangor, Me., and H. W. SKEE, Hartford, Ct., to the former of whom all original communications intended for insertion in the journal should be sent. Miscellaneous and Agricultural items should be sent to the latter.

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DEWITT TOUSLEY, Publisher,
American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, Hartford, Ct.

The Mute Child and her Dying Mother.

BY MRS. CHRISTIANA B. COWELL.

She stood beside the dying—
A mute and sickle child—
Her whom had seen bright summers,
In silent beauty smiled;
And O, what bitter anguish
Came up with every breath,
As she felt an awful presence,
And knew that it was Death.

Ah, well did she remember
How her mother with her wept
By her pale sister's cradle,
Where pale and cold she slept;
And when her form was coffin'd
And deep in earth was laid
For the long long summer hours
She came not back again.

Then, when the speaking tear-drops
Came thronging to her eyes,
How her mother soothed her gently
And pointed to the skies.
But who can soothe the sorrow
Of that young bloom now,
While death's dark pull is settling
On that same mother's brow?

As calm as summer's sunset
Whose beams around her lay
That gentle mother's spirit
Was passing hence away.
But O, the mute child's sobbing,
Those sounds of hearting pain
Thrilled o'er her chilling heart-strings,
And waked love's dying strains.

Then lifting slow her eyelids,
And gazing on her child,
She looked ten thousand blessings
And softly, sweetly smiled.
Then waving slowly upward
Her pale and stiffened hands
She said—"My child, I'm going
To a bright and happy land."

Where, with the glorious Father
And all the holy host
I'll find your baby sister
And fold her to my breast."
She ceased, the charm had fallen,
A hallowed tear-drops,
As if from angel's fingers
In the mute child's bitter cup.

With this, love's latest throbbing,
That mother's work was done,
And ere the twilight faded
Her endless bliss begun.
O, who can tell the value
Of what her hand had frayed
Upon that dark heart's tablet
No more to be effaced?

Long years its hallowed influence
Like silken chords of love
Seemed round her gently twining,
And drawing her above;
Till by its silent prompting
Her heart to God was given,
And o'er her contrite spirit
Came breathings sweet of Heaven.

And when life's later sorrows
Her lonely spirit press,
And her heart is sad and fainting
In silent weariness,
Then bright on memory's canvas
Will one sweet vision rise
Of that dying mother's finger
Still pointing to the skies.

The Wounded Vulture.

BY ANNIE C. LYNCH.

A kindly vulture sat alone,
Lord of the ruin round
Where Egypt's ancient monuments,
Upon the desert frown'd.

A hunter's eager eye had marked
The form of that proud bird,
And through the window's solitude,
Hail'd along shot was heard;

It rent the vulture's plumed breast,
And with a humming hand,
Upon his blood-gashed warm and red,
The yellow sand

No struggle marked the deadly wound
He gave no piercing cry,
But calmly spread his giant wings
And bright the upper sky.

In vain with swift pursuing shot
The hunter seeks his prey,
Circling and eddying upward still,
On his majestic way.

Up to the blue empyrean,
He wings his steady flight,
Till his fell up from below,
In the full glory of light.

Oh wounded heart of suffering soul!
Sit not with faded wing
Where broken dreams and ruined hopes
Their mournful shadows fling.

Outstretch thy plumes like that bird,
Take thou the path sublime,
Beyond the flying shot and fate,
Beyond the wounds of time.

More a world! With the winds and storms,
Above life's stormy plain,
There is a calm, pure air,
A heaven, say, that thou wilt attain.

And as thou dost ascending form,
Was I a bird's best friend,
So shall thou be earth's shadows fade,
Lost in the Infinite.

The Deaf Aunt and the Deaf Wife.

I HAD an aunt coming to visit me for the first time since my marriage, and I don't know what evil genius prompted the wickedness which I perpetrated towards my wife and ancient relative.

"My dear," said I to my wife, on the day before my aunt's arrival, "you know Aunt Mary is coming to-morrow; well I forgot to mention a rather annoying circumstance with regard to her. She's very deaf—and although she can hear my voice, to which she's accustomed in its ordinary tones, yet you will be obliged to speak extremely loud in order to be heard. It will be rather inconvenient, but I know you will do every thing in your power to make her stay agreeable."

I then went to John P., who loves a joke about as well as any person I know of, told him to be at my house at 6 o'clock on the following evening, and felt comparatively happy.

I went to the railroad depot with a carriage next night, and when I was on my way home with my aunt, I said—

"My dear aunt, there is one rather annoying infirmity that Anna (my wife) has, which I forgot to mention before. She's very deaf; and although she can hear my voice, to which she is accustomed, in its ordinary tones, yet you will be obliged to speak extremely loud, in order to be heard. I am very sorry she is so."

Aunt Mary in the goodness of her heart protested that she rather liked speaking loud and to do so would give her great pleasure. The carriage drove up—on the steps was my wife—in the window was John P.—with a face as utterly solemn as if he had buried all his relatives that afternoon.

I handed out my aunt—she ascended the steps.

"I am delighted to see you," shrieked my wife, and the policeman on the opposite sidewalk started, and my aunt nearly fell down the steps.

"Kiss me, my dear," howled my aunt; and the hall lamp clattered, and the window shook as with the fever and ague—I looked at the window—John had disappeared. Human nature could stand it no longer. I poked my head into the carriage and went into strong convulsions.

When I went into the parlor, my wife was helping Aunt Mary to take off her hat and caps; and there sat John with his long face of woe.

Suddenly, "Did you have a pleasant jour-

ney?" went off my wife like a pistol, and John T. nearly jumped to his feet.

"Rather dusty!" was the response, in a war-whoop, and so the conversation continued.

The neighbors for blocks around must have heard it; when I was in the third story of the building I heard every word plainly.

In the course of the evening my aunt took occasion to say to me—

"How loud your wife speaks—don't it hurt her?"

I told her all deaf persons talked loudly, and that my wife being used to it, was not affected by the exertion, and that Aunt Mary was getting along finely with her.

Presently my wife said softly—

"All, how very loudly your aunt talks!"

"Yes," said I, "all deaf persons do.—You're getting along nicely, she hears every word you say."—And I rather think she did.

Elated by their success at being understood, they went at it hammer and tongs, till everything on the mantel-piece clattered again, and I was seriously afraid of a crowd collected in front of the house.

But the end was near. My aunt being of an investigating turn of mind, was desirous of finding out whether the exertion of talking so loud was not injurious to my wife. So—

"Doesn't talking so loud strain your lungs?" said she, in an unearthly hoarse, for her voice was not as musical as it was when she was young.

"It is an exertion," shrieked my wife.

"Then why do you do it?" was the answering scream.

"Because—because—you can't hear if I don't," squalled my wife.

"What?"—my aunt fairly rivaling a railroad whistle this time.

I began to think it time to evacuate the premises; and looking around and seeing John gone, I stepped into the parlor, and there he lay, flat on his back, rolling from side to side, with his fists poked into his ribs, and a most agonized expression of countenance, but not uttering a sound. I immediately and involuntarily assumed a similar attitude, and I think that from the relative position of our heads and hands, and our attempt to restrain our laughter, apoplexy must have inevitably ensued, if a horrible groan which John gave vent to in his endeavor to suppress his risibility had not betrayed our hiding place.

In rushed my wife and my aunt, who by this time comprehended the joke; and such a scolding as I then got I never got before, and I hope never to get again.

I know not what the end would have been if John, in his endeavors to appear respectful and sympathetic, had not given vent to such a diabolical noise, something between a groan and a horse bellow, that all gravity was upset, and we screamed in concert.

The Forty-Sixth Annual Report of the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, is, we earn, in the printer's hands and will shortly be ready for distribution. In the mean time the following extract from the *Connecticut Courant* for March 25th, 1817, will be found interesting.

Deaf and Dumb Asylum.

THE DIRECTORS of the CONNECTICUT ASYLUM for the education of the Deaf and Dumb, take this method of informing the public, that the course of instruction, under the immediate superintendence of the Rev. T. H. GALLAUDET and Mr. LAURENCE CLARK, will commence on the 15th of April next. A convenient house has been procured for the pupils, the domestic concerns of which will be conducted by the Rev. A. O. Stansbury and lady, whose care over the interesting family to be committed to their charge will, it is fully believed, answer all the reasonable expectations, and insure the warmest confidence, of parental solicitude.

The Directors gratefully acknowledge the goodness of God in all the success with which He has been pleased to crown their feeble efforts in his service, and while they would devoutly rely on Jesus Christ, the great Head of the Church, to make their future labors

subservient to the best interests, both temporal and spiritual, of the unfortunate ones intrusted to their care; it is with deep regret that we are under the necessity of pleading the poverty of the Asylum at its very outset, as an obstacle in the way of receiving charity scholars, except from those few towns which have contributed to its resources.

Very considerable have been the expenses which have necessarily occurred during the two years past, in preparing one of our own citizens to superintend the course of instruction in the Asylum, by enabling him to visit similar institutions in Europe, and to bring back with him a most interesting foreigner, himself deaf and dumb, as an assistant in this new and arduous department of education. These expenses have been almost entirely paid by the citizens of Hartford, and all of them from funds raised within the state.—The funds which have been contributed in some of the larger towns in the neighboring states, furnish an income adequate only to the support of a very small number of pupils; in applying which the directors feel themselves bound to have a reference always to the wishes of the subscribers residing in such towns, with whom they will speedily communicate on this subject. The donation made by the State of Connecticut will be directed in its proper channel as soon as it is ascertained, whether it was intended to constitute a fund for the relief of the indigent deaf and dumb; or to be used for this object, as the exigencies of the Asylum might require. So that at present no provision can be made for charity scholars from places which have not furnished funds for this object.

A candid public will, it is hoped, duly understand and appreciate the correctness of such a course of procedure, especially, as the want of funds has not arisen from the want of exertion which have been faithfully made for several months past. The future more ample patronage of the benevolent will, it is hoped, enable the Asylum to erect suitable buildings, and to conduct its concerns upon a scale which will make it eminently and extensively useful, especially to such of the unhappy, (and very many such there are) as have added to their other afflictive calamity, that of poverty; and this barrier may even now be removed, if the towns in which such unfortunates reside will contribute the sums necessary for their education and support. In fixing the amount of these sums the directors have adjusted it at a rate far below what the past expenditures of the Institution and its future current expenses would justify, trusting to a kind providence in some way or other to make up such deficiency, and to that Being who hath the hearts of all men in his hands, that He would raise up in the places and neighborhood where they reside, benefactors for the poor Deaf and Dumb.

The term of time necessary for the instruction of a pupil in the common elementary parts of education will be from three to six years, according to age and capacity; such a period has been found absolutely indispensable at the European Institutions, nor will it be deemed long when it is considered that more than this is spent for the same object by those children who are in possession of all their faculties. The improvement of pupils would be much accelerated, if before being sent to the Asylum they could be taught to form and join the letters of penmanship legibly.

Many applications have already been made for admission, and it is expected that the first class will speedily be filled up, after which none can be received until the ensuing year. Future applications must be made by letter (postpaid) to the undersigned Committee, who in answering and complying with them will always have regard to priority in point of time.

By order of the Directors.

MASON F. COGSWELL,
DANIEL WATSWORTH, Committee

—Never judge a fellow by appearance. The cinder is a good-natured animal, though he has his back up pretty well.

For the Guide A Few Suggestions to Mutar.

INDUSTRY.

INDUSTRY accomplishes everything that is good and useful. It produces prosperity and secures happiness. The merchant, the professional man, the mechanic, and the farmer—all who live by honesty and industry—are benefactors, and each fills an honorable place in society.

Depend upon it, my friends, the industrious man is the noblest of God's creatures. He is active and ambitious. He shirks from no toil. He encounters hardships, fatigues and dangers with a willing heart. He labors for an independence. He seldom fails of being successful. He achieves wonders. Those are his sails that whiten every sea, carrying blessings to every part of the world. It is his activity and enterprise that has made our country what it is.

So you see that no good can be done without industry. Would you my friends, be useful; be industrious. Would you be thrifty; be industrious. Cultivate habits of industry in your youth, and if you ever become fathers of families, you will transmit them as a legacy to your children.

TOLENESS.

TOLENESS is an evil. Its consequences are lamentably bad. In this land of plenty, where an ever kind Providence has scattered blessings on every hand, why is it that we see so many signs of poverty? Under the just and beneficent laws of the best government on earth, why do we hear of so much wretchedness and crime? Let the idler answer.

Idlers are a good-for-nothing and thriftless set of fellows. Every worker despises them. They are not welcome in good society. They utter profane and vulgar language, roam through the fields, and lounge in drinking-saloons on Sundays.

CITY AND COUNTRY.

Never live in the city if you can by any means live in the country. Health is more general, and the average of life longer in the country than in the city, owing to simpler habits of living, better exercise, and purer air. If any man has reason to rejoice in his condition, it is the farmer. Far removed from the turmoil and cares of city-life, he enjoys plenty, fears no evil and envies no one. Some young men who leave the country to "seek their fortunes" in the city, succeed, after years of persevering industry, in amassing wealth, at the expense of peace and happiness; but a great majority would be wealthier, and all happier, if they staid at home.

STAY WHERE YOU ARE.

A GREAT deal of trouble and even misery arises from the continual changing of employment and places, that we see among young men. A young man who began life as a clerk, often deserts his desk for a low office, his office for a farm, his farm for a desk again, and so on, securing no wealth, and earning no reputation save that of a "Jack of all trades and good at none." Any man who does so, can never be useful, for no work can be done well and faithfully without inspiring a liking for it.

Always stay where you are, and pursue a steady business. The pursuit of a steady business is a benefit to the community, as well as to yourself. A good business once well established, goes on of itself. You will find it easier to carry it on than to stop it.

It makes little difference what occupation you choose, for a competency can be attained in any pursuit. But your business once decided upon, must be adhered to, though thick and thin. "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

BE USEFUL.

You who consider yourselves "poor, weak worms," incapable of any successful effort against the circumstances by which you are surrounded, would do well to study the history of some of the most remarkable men, who have borne important parts in the great drama of life. You are capable of doing something. You can get along in the world as well as any man.

Fear not the coldness of the world, or the sneers of your more favored fellow-men. All ways be industrious in some honest calling. But do not be so busy that you forget to call on God and neglect to do good. And do not work at your trades so incessantly as to neglect occasionally to enjoy God's green fields, and God's blue skies, and to engage in social converse. Above all, while engaged in securing the good things of this world, do not forget to lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven.

And now, my friends, I have given you a few suggestions, which, I believe, are valuable, and will not I hope, be unheeded; and conclude by wishing you all success in every honest pursuit in which you may engage.

CHAPMAN.

From the N. Y. Arena.

The Largest City—Population and Commerce of Jeddo.

A VERY erroneous idea is indulged in by many people in relation to the largest city in the world, many confidently asserting that London, or, as it is frequently termed, the Great Metropolis, is far superior, both in size and number of inhabitants. But such is not the case. Jeddo, the capital of Japan, is without exception, the largest and most populous in the world.

It contains the vast number of 1,500,000 dwellings, and 5,000,000 of human souls. Many of the streets are nineteen Japanese in length, which is equivalent to twenty-two English miles.

The commerce of Jeddo far exceeds that of any other city in the world, and the sea along its coast is constantly white with the sails of ship. "Their vessels sail to the southern portion of the empire, where they are laden with rice, tea, sugar, tobacco, silk, cotton, and tropical fruits, all of which find a ready market in the north, and then return freighted with corn, salt, oil, singlers, and various other productions of the north, which have a market in the south."

WEIGHT OF CANNON.—A navy 64 pounder weighs 181 tons as much as one of its shot. The English wrought-iron 12-inch gun, or Horsfall's, is 170 times heavier than its shot. The Rodman 15-inch gun weighs 150 tons more than its shell, and 114 times more than its solid shot. The projectiles fired by the Monitor were 11-inch shell, with a small cavity and very thick walls, weighing 160 lbs., and 93 of them weighed as much as the gun. It is laid down as a general rule that a cannon should be at least one hundred times heavier than its shot.

SWISSERS MORE THAN A YEAR AGO the celebrated photographer, Nadar, commenced experimenting for the purpose of taking photographs with an artificial electric light, and he has so far succeeded that he has been able to get some very fine views of the catacombs, the immense subterranean passages under the streets of Paris, where the bones of more than three millions of the former inhabitants of the upper city deposited. These pictures, although dark, are taken by the aid of a night, are perfectly distinct and correct.

—In 1455, spinning, throwing, and weaving silk were practiced in London by a company of women, called silk-women. About twenty-two years later, men began to engage in silk manufacture.

—A bar of iron worth \$5 may be manufactured into horse shoes worth \$10.50; into nails worth \$55; into pen-knife blades worth \$3,335; into shirt buttons worth \$20,430; and into balance springs of watches worth \$250,000.

—Be calm while your adversary frets and rages, and you can warm yourself at his fire.

—Why there are more women than men is explained by Dr. Quincey; "It is in conformity with the arrangement of nature; we always see more of heaven than of earth."

—Carp, roach, or perch, produce from 30,000 to 20,000 young; a herring from 20,000 to 35,000; and a cod between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000. Comparatively few of the young reach maturity, being devoured by other fish, etc., shortly after hatching.

The Gallaudet Guide —AND— DEAF MUTES' COMPANION.

HARTFORD, CONN., JUNE, 1862.

NOTICE.

The Fifth Convention of
THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET
ASSOCIATION OF DEAF MUTES
will be held at

Portland, Maine,

On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday,
SEPTEMBER 10th, 11th, and 12th,
1862.

A Hotel and Hall will be engaged for
the occasion, and every thing possible
will be done for the comfort and conven-
ience of those attending. Persons going
to the Convention will pay FULL FARES by
either Railroad or Steamboat, and will be
furnished, after their arrival, with FREE
RETURN TICKETS.

Anti-Oration is expected from

SAMUEL ROWE, Esq.,

of Boston, Mass., and addresses from sev-
eral other well known gentlemen.

AN INTERPRETER will be provided for
the benefit of those hearing persons who
may attend.

Further particulars will be furnished
from time to time in the Guide, or they may
be obtained by addressing a letter to
the Committee of Arrangements,

WM. MARTIN CHAMBERLAIN,
South Reading, Mass.

CORRESPONDENTS will please send in their
papers by the 21st inst., or they will run the
risk of being crowded out.

Will Granite State's Writer oblige us with
his name?

Please Pay Promptly!

We are extremely sorry to appear before
our readers in the character of *dumb*, but the
necessity is urgent. As will be seen on
reference to various back numbers, the Guide
has never paid expenses; and now, if our
friends do not come forward promptly with
material aid, we greatly fear we shall be
obliged to cease the publication of our journal,
at a time at least with the present or the
next number. Our old subscribers, who con-
tinue to receive the paper but have not yet
paid for this year, are especially urged to send
us their dollars at once. We are aware that
the great majority of deaf-mutes—who com-
prise by far the greater number of our sub-
scribers—are dependent upon their labor for
their daily bread, and are by reason of their
infirmity unable to compete on equal terms
with their fellow-workmen who can speak
and hear; but we trust they think it of suf-
ficient importance that the only paper devoted
exclusively to their interests should be sus-
tained, not to grudge us their own money, and
a few hours' trouble to get new subscribers.
If each of our old friends would but obtain
one new subscriber, and send us the money
or both, without delay, the Guide would
speedily be established on a secure founda-
tion.

Great Reduction in our Terms.

As will be seen on our first page, it has
been decided to reduce the subscription-price
of the Guide, to pupils in Institutions for the
Deaf and Dumb, to Fifty Cents, invariably in
advance. This reduction is made in view of
the hard times, and in the hope that many of
our young friends and readers, who have hith-
erto thought themselves unable to afford it,
may now be in a position to take our paper.

The Guide is the only paper in this coun-
try, if not in the world, published exclusively
by and for deaf-mutes; it is designed for the
benefit, not only of the mutes of New Eng-
land, under whose special patronage it is is-
sued, but equally of those of all other parts of
our country, those who have not yet been
graduated as well as those who have. In
some of the Institutions we have a large num-
ber of subscribers, embracing both teachers—
speaking as well as mute—and pupils; in oth-
ers we have hardly any, though as these lat-
ter are of equal or even greater size, there
must be in them at least an equal number of
pupils sufficiently advanced, under improved
modes of instruction, to read the Guide with
as much pleasure and profit as many old grad-
uates whose names are on our books. There-
fore we hope many of the class to whom it is
made, will take speedy advantage of this
liberal offer.

Whoever sends us ten dollars, with the
names of a corresponding number of new sub-
scribers, is entitled to an extra copy free,
which will be sent to any address desired.
An opportunity is thus afforded any person,
by taking a little trouble to obtain new sub-
scribers for us, of having a copy sent to his
friends, without expense to them.

The price to graduates, and to our speaking
friends, will remain as before, One Dollar.

Subscriptions should be sent to Mr. TOL-
SON.

Our Generals.

We have read history some, and human
nature a little; we have, in consequence, not
been surprised at the violent opposition and
unsparing detraction which the Union Gen-
erals have met with from those professing to
be friends of the Union cause. Washington
was hooted at; Wellington was mobbed;
Napoleon was styled "a fortune-favored fool,"
and can McClellan, Halleck, and others expect
to escape disparagement?

Abraham Lincoln, the President of the
United States and Commander in Chief of
the Army and Navy, was met, on his inaugu-
ration, with a storm of ridicule that would
have shaken the composure of Diogenes
himself; and there was no end of croakers
who were continually bawling the misfor-
tunes about to be brought upon the country
by "this ignorant rail-splitter." His course
since then has shown such far-seeing states-
manship, firmness, self-reliance and exalted
patriotism so far above sectional and party
prejudice, that his enemies have been shamed
into silence or awed by the massiveness of
intellect and grandeur of spirit which he has
exhibited. So great and so universal is the
confidence in him that it is regarded almost
treason to speak against his policy or his
measures.

In our confidence in the Commander in
Chief be so great, why not have equal confi-
dence in his subordinates? No man has so
much at stake in this contest as Abraham
Lincoln. And no man can be so well ac-
quainted with the qualifications of our gen-
erals as Abraham Lincoln. He has perfect
confidence in them, and such a man as Mr.
Lincoln is not likely to repose confidence
where it is undeserved.

People complain because McClellan did
not march directly on Richmond by way of
Fredericksburg, instead of wasting nearly
two months on the muddy peninsula of
Yorktown. The rebels are not rabbits; they
are brave men commanded by talented and
experienced generals, and it is quite probable
that they were prepared to place obstacles in
McClellan's way, of which we can form no
estimate. Complaints are made because the
rebel army was not surrounded and captured.
The game of war is a game at which two
can play. To divide an army of 300,000
men so as to surround one of 200,000, would
be to expose the former to being cut to pieces
in detail. To such strategists we would
recommend the perusal of the history of
Napoleon's famous "Six-Days Campaign."

Gen. Hunter's Proclamation.

The manner in which the President has met
Gen. Hunter's unauthorized proclamation is
worthy of all praise. However just it may
be, the issuing of an edict by a Military
Commander, which cannot be carried out, is
the height of folly. The solemn appeal with
which the President's proclamation closes is
more calculated to frighten the rebels than
a hundred of Hunter's foolish edicts or Phelps'
silly essays.

We venture to predict that the rebels will
be driven beyond North Carolina and Tennes-
see before the 1st of September, and that if
they do not then lay down their arms, the
President will issue a proclamation offering
the Gulf States, Georgia and South Carolina
the choice between returning to their alleg-
iance, and utter desolation.

Our friends will please excuse the delay in
getting out the present number of the Guide,
and attribute it to the loss of a week's work
occasioned by the annual recess of the Asy-
lum, and to our own absence for three weeks
in New York. This trip, from which we
have just returned, we shall ever count among
the most pleasing episodes of our life; and it
would be strange if we did not, for all that the
promptings of friendship could suggest, was
done to make our stay in the great Gotham
pleasant. In particular, we shall not soon
forget our expedition to Fanwood, and the
various haps and mishaps that befel our party
on that eventful day, in the streets of Yon-
kers, an old Dutch town, "like a youngster's
moustache—extensively laid out, but thinly
settled," as one of our companions irreverently
remarked. 'Twas well he said it in signs,
which we never heard of a ghost's being able
to understand; or else we would almost have
expected to see the shade of Rip Van Winkle
starting up, and peering with a stare of
wondering scorn, the hickies' trio of vagrant
"dummies" whom their own sad fate and the
H. R. R. express train had set down there.
Even "Frank Leslie's Special Artist" never
enjoyed the magnificent scenery of that most
beautiful of American rivers, the Hudson,
more keenly than we did that day; and what
a flood of recollections came pouring down
upon us, as for the first time in many months,
we once more wandered along its banks.
Like every other human thing, however, our
rambles had an end; and we were highly
gratified by the prosperous condition in which
the N. Y. Institution for the Deaf and Dumb—
the destination of our excursion—when we
at last reached it, seemed to be. After visit-
ing the High Class, and seeing the usual ex-
ercises in the chapel at the dismissal of
school, we were conducted over the extensive
buildings, which we found in the usual state
of the most scrupulous neatness and clean-
ness, and extremely well adapted to the re-

quirements of the Institution; in fact, we
doubt whether any other school for the Deaf
and Dumb in this country is so well provided
for in this respect. The Master Book-binder,
a deafmute, is engaged upon a model of the
Institution, in wood and pasteboard, on quite
a large scale, which reproduces even the most
minute details—the number of steps in the
flights, of benches in the chapel, etc.; it is only
half finished yet, though he has been at
work on it over a year, and expects to com-
plete it in about that time hence; it is really
a marvel of ingenuity, and would bring the
maker a fortune, if placed on exhibition. As
a "type," we were particularly interested in
their printing office, formerly under the su-
perintendence of the late Prof. Dudley Peet,
but closed since his lamented death; nor was
this the only instance in which we could per-
ceive the dark shadow of their recent bereave-
ments still resting upon our friends. We did
not inspect any of the classes except the High
Class; but satisfactory proofs of the excel-
lence of the various instructors were afforded
us in the annual exhibition at Irving Hall,
which is ever one of the most interesting oc-
casions of "Anniversary Week." The hall
was early filled, many being able to get
barely standing-room; and the performances
of the pupils reflected great credit upon them-
selves and their teachers. Two young ladies,
and as many young gentlemen, of the High
Class, were placed at the blackboards on the
stage, and wrote a variety of pieces—defini-
tions, descriptions, anecdotes, etc. On being
asked "Which of our generals they liked
best?" they unanimously declared for Mc-
Clellan, and ably supported their preference. A
class of little boys also gave personifications
of the passions, and descriptions of a number
of animals and things, in signs; one little fel-
low in particular, who evidently put his whole
soul into it, won great applause. Miss Free-
man, the daughter of the daughter of mis-
sionaries, murdered during the mutiny of the
Sepoys in India, some years since, recited
Drake's beautiful "Ode to our Flag" with
great effect; and the interested and delight-
ed audience were dismissed with the Lord's
Prayer by Miss Goodrich.

We did not neglect, of course, to attend St.
Ann's Church, which is in a very flourishing
condition; some 28 persons were confirmed
there one Sunday afternoon by Bishop Potter,
4 of whom were deaf-mutes; the Bishop also
privately confirmed a young lady of the con-
gregation—not a deaf-mute, we believe—who
was too sick to come to the church for
that purpose. We duly paid our respects to
Raphael Pilette, with whom we enjoyed an
evening's chat, being presented in due form
to his famous Dutch rocking-chair, so well
known to the readers of the Guide, and whose
"tattlings" are so much missed from its col-
umns. We also made a pilgrimage to the
City Hall, armed with a letter of introduction
to Mr. Mack, the deaf-mute poet, who has for
many years held the position of a "searcher"
in the County Clerk's office; and after a
short and agreeable conversation with him,
were taken round to the Governor's Room
and the other lions of the place by his polite
and obliging clerk Mr. Sawyer, to whom we
would tender our grateful acknowledgements.
In short, we had a very pleasant visit, and
with renewed good wishes for the health and
prosperity, temporal and eternal, of all our
kind friends, new and old, would bid them
and our readers—"Adieu!"

The officers of the "Boston Deaf-Mute
Christian Association" an appeal in whose
behalf will be found on another page—are as
follows:

President, JONATHAN P. MARSH, Boston.
Secretary, SAMUEL ROWE, Boston.
Treasurer, PHILIP W. PACKARD, Charlestown.
Directors, WILLIAM LYNDE, Roxbury: GEO.
B. KEMISTON, Chelsea: HENRY A. OSGOOD, Rox-
bury.

We notice in the Beaver Dam (Wis.) *Argus*,
a story entitled "King Edgar and Queen El-
frida," by "Don Carlos A. Nutez, a mute of
Wisconsin."

EDWARD GALLAUDET, Esq., of the Columbian
Institution, was in town lately. His mother
has returned to the discharge of her duties as
Matron of the same Institution.

Married.

FEB. 5th, 1862, Mr. George H. Gavit to
Miss M. A. Taylor,—both mutes.

Cburial.

DIED, in Kyngerville, Gallia Co., O., in the
20th year of his age, Mr. Newton J. Boice.
Mr. Boice entered the Ohio Institution for
Deaf Mutes in 1850, at the age of nine years
and graduated in 1857. While at school, like
many others, he took his time easy, thinking
little of the future. Not long after he left
school, he applied himself to books, but the
circumstances with which he was surrounded
precluded the possibility of his ever regaining
his lost time. Perceiving this, he gave him-
self up to melancholy thoughts—often remark-
ing that he wished his by-gone days brought
back to be improved. Like many who leave
the Institutions, he neglected to embrace reli-
gion, thinking there was plenty of time to
reflect, until last Summer, when he remarked
to me that he believed it time he should pre-

pare for eternity, as life was so uncertain. I
bade him to prepare, which he promised to do,
and in October I had a letter from him assur-
ing me of his determination to hold fast to the
faith he had in the Lord. Not long afterward
he was taken sick with pneumonia, which
soon turned into quick consumption, and ended
his existence in this world of cares, and March
28th, 1862. Just before dying he spoke freely
of his faith in his Redeemer, and expressed
a willingness to depart, so we may be assured
"all is well with him."

W. HENNIKER, May 18, 1862.

MESSRS EDITORS:—Thinking it may interest
your readers, I send you the following letter,
from the pen of an elderly gentleman who al-
ways takes a lively interest in our enterprise,
and is a subscriber to the Guide, in behalf of
which he takes every opportunity to exert his
influence; and request you to insert it in the
next number. It was inconvenient to send it
before this time.

Please give notice that I shall be away from
home during the month of June, in the hope
that a change of scene may relieve the present
depressed state of my feelings. I shall probably
return some time in July; business communi-
cations for me may still then be directed to
Geo. HENNER, Esq., Post-Office, Boston.

Yours truly,

THOMAS BROWN,
President N. E. G. A. D. M.

DEAR BEREAVED FRIEND:—Sad experience
hath taught me to sympathize with all in
affliction, especially those bereft of a dear
bosom companion, having once and again been
called to drink deep in the same bitter cup,
having also consigned to the grave three infant
children, a dear son aged 26 years, and a be-
loved daughter aged 31. At the decease of
my first wife I had eight motherless children,
the youngest of whom was but two weeks old,
and I in indigent pecuniary circumstances;
my calamity seemed greater than I was able
to bear; the one half of my heart apparently
torn away, and the other half left bleeding.
Hitherto the Lord hath brought me along by
a way that I knew not. In due time I was
blest with a second pious companion, who
rendered me essential aid in training up my
surviving children in the way they should go.
Or her also I have been bereft, after an union
of twenty years. But I forbear: the theme is
too painful for rehearsal. I am still the re-
cipient of mercies and blessings innumerable.
I have six surviving children, all of whom
profess religion, and are apparently solicitous
to promote my happiness in declining old age;
and what need I more, but suitable returns of
gratitude to God for the blessings conferred.
But enough of this, and already too much of
"the great I."

Would that I could contribute even one moi-
ety to the soothing of your wounded heart!
Having known your history from your infancy
hitherto, I have ever felt a deep interest in
your welfare, always rejoicing with you in
prosperity and sympathizing with you in ad-
versity; and now that you have recently been
bereft of the dear amiable companion of your
life, I feel deep sympathy for you in your lone-
ly condition, and would gladly mitigate your
sorrow:—but, ah! my strength is perfect
weakness. My fervent prayer is, that your
great loss may be sanctified to your spiritual
and everlasting good. I congratulate you
that you have a worthy, pious son on whom
to lean for support in declining years. Me-
thinks you have cause to sing of mercy amid
your severe calamity, and I trust you are not
unmindful of so great a blessing mixed in the
bitter cup of your sore affliction. That Heav-
en may be propitious and make up your out-
ward loss by inward manifestation of the Holy
Spirit, is the fervent prayer of

Yours affectionately,
SOLOMON CUNDS.

Henniker, April 7th, 1862.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of
the New York Institution for the Deaf and
Dumb, held on the afternoon of Tuesday, May
13th, the following tribute to the memory of
the late Prof. Dudley Peet, M. D., was pre-
sented by the Rev. Dr. Adams, and unanimously
adopted:—

As it has seemed good to Almighty God to
remove out of this life Mr. Dudley Peet, a
Professor in this Institution, the Board of
Directors, in expressing their high regard for
the character and services of the deceased—
whose education especially qualified him for
usefulness as a teacher of deaf-mutes—would
herby offer their most tender sympathy to the
bereaved widow, and to the Principal of
the Institution, with his family, in this new
sorrow, following so soon upon their previous
affliction.

At a meeting of the High Class of the New
York Institution for the Instruction of the
Deaf and Dumb, held on the 22nd of April,
1862, the following resolutions were unanim-
ously adopted.

WHEREAS It has pleased the Universal Father
to remove from this world Dr. Dudley Peet,
and thus deprive our Institution of one of
the most useful of its Faculty, a large cir-
cle of relatives and friends of the compan-
ionship of one whose estimable qualities of
head and heart had rendered him peculiar-
ly dear, and ourselves of an instructor
whose familiarity with our language, clear
analytical mind and kindly earnest spirit

made him eminent in his profession; there-
fore

Resolved, That we will cherish his memory
with tender affection, and endeavor so to imi-
tate him in life that we may be like him in
death.

Resolved, That to her who was one with
him, we offer such sympathy and condolence
in her unspeakable sorrow as it is permitted
us to give, and that while we bewail the de-
cease which has made her desolate, we ask
that at the same hand which has broken may
bind up again.

Resolved, that we tender our affectionate
and respectful sympathy to our venerable
Principal who has thus been called a second
time to mourn a son laid low in the prime of
manhood, and that since his afflictions declare
him beloved of God, we pray that his peace
may be continued to him, until summoned to
join the shining host of whom it is written
"These are they which came out of great
tribulation and have washed their robes and
made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with
the many whom his death has bereaved, es-
pecially with our teacher in his double loss of
a dearly beloved brother and an efficient co-
laborer.

Resolved, That we will wear the usual
badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be
presented to the widow and parents and
brother of the deceased, and that they be sent
for publication to the *American Annals of the
Deaf and Dumb*, the *Canajoharie Radii*, the
GALLAUDET GUIDE and the *Tri-States Union*.

DAVID R. TILLINGHAST, Chairman.

WM. H. BREWER, Secretary.

ILLINOIS INST. FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB,
JACKSONVILLE, May 12th, 1862.
At a meeting of the Debating Society of the
Illinois Institution for the Deaf and dumb,
held on the evening of May 10th, 1862, the
following resolutions on the death of Prof.
Dudley Peet, M.D., of the New York Insti-
tution for the Deaf and Dumb, were unani-
mously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased an inscrutable
Providence whose ways are past finding out
to remove from our sister Institution Prof.
Dudley Peet, who has, by his patient philan-
thropic, and zealous labors in the cause of
deaf-mute instruction, commanded the af-
fection and esteem of the children of silence;
and Whereas, in his decease we have re-
ceived another admonition of the uncer-
tainty and brevity of life, and that what
we have to do, must be done quickly:
Therefore be it

Resolved, That by his zeal and untiring
labors in promoting the intellectual and spiri-
tual welfare of the silent, Prof. Dudley Peet
has won our affectionate and grateful regard.

Resolved, That while in his death we so
deeply deplore our irreparable loss, we humbly
submit with resignation to the will of this
inscrutable Providence, knowing that He
doeth all things well.

Resolved, That though his loss is an af-
fliction to us, yet when we consider his
many virtues, as exemplified in his life, both
private and public, we are consoled by the
reflection that our loss is his gain, and also by
the belief that he has received the reward of
the Judge who will say, "Inasmuch as you
have done it unto one of these my brethren,
you have done it unto me."

Resolved, That as by his removal, the loss
of a husband, a father, and a son has fallen
heavily upon the family and the venerable
father of Prof. Peet, we tender them our heart-
felt sympathies in this affliction, and humbly
commend them to the care of Him who alone
can "temper the wind to the shorn lamb."

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions
be forwarded by the Secretary to the family
and father of the late Prof. Dudley Peet M. D.
and also to the GALLAUDET GUIDE for pub-
lication; and that they also be placed upon the
Records of this society.

J. F. F. SMIGER, President.

J. L. GIBSON, Secretary.

Belligerent Notes.

LITTLE MAC AND SEECESH.

WASHINGTON, May, 1862.

DEAR AUGUSTUS:—Two months ago Mc-
Clellan moved towards Manassas and found
that the enemy, taking with them everything
that could be moved and destroying what
could not, had deserted their Gibraltar.

What was McClellan to do? Scorn—and
no scorn so hateful as the scorn of fools—
pointed her slow unmoving finger at him. He
had been outwitted, outgeneraled. He had
promised the country a mighty blow; but
when the blow fell the rebels were not there
to receive it. What a finale, this, to his great
plans for restoring the Union by the defeat
and dispersion or capture of the rebel army in
Virginia! What a return for the noble, pa-
tient confidence reposed in him by the nation!
So said his enemies, and clamored for his re-
moval.

Amidst all this McClellan was calm and
serene. Some called it stoicism; his traducers
called it brazen defiance of public opinion—in-
sensitivity to shame; God, who reads all
hearts, read McClellan's too, and a great, ten-
der, loyal heart it is. *Fader*—all these wild

unreasonable reproaches stung him, Heaven
knows how deeply; *loyal*—he felt that what
he did was for the good of the whole country
and not for any temporary eclat of his own
great—all the sneers and taunts of his ene-
mies, and, as bitter still, the cold silence of
friends could not wring from him a word
of remonstrance or complaint. Time alone
could right him perfectly and forever—time
should do it.

Let me say here that it is not now so very
apparent that McClellan was outgeneraled by
the Manassas rebels. They have made bar-
barians of themselves, spurs and soap-bowls
of jawbones and skulls, but I doubt if they
ever have made a fool of McClellan. It is
not clearly evident in any of his plans and
performances before marching upon Manassas,
that he expected them to make a stand there.
Else, why was so small a portion of his army
moved in that direction—it was merely a re-
connoissance; why, weeks before, were trans-
ports, in vast numbers collected at Annapolis
and Baltimore? We see the object of the re-
connoissance towards Manassas. It turned
the flank of the batteries on the Potomac and
compelled the raising of the blockade, so that
in a very short space of time the fleet of trans-
ports were sailing grandly up to Washing-
ton. Did ever planning bear more perfect
fruit?

No army of equal size was ever moved the
same distance with less trouble and greater
expedition than the Union Army of the Po-
tomac was from Alexandria to Fortress Mon-
roe. But once there, and its course taken
for Richmond, the sudden check before the
fortifications of Yorktown was quite disheart-
ening to the country. And people grumbled,
—for is not ours a nation of grumblers and
fault-finders? Editors, who had steadily criti-
cized McClellan's management of the war, and
worked hard to weaken the confidence of the
nation in his military genius, pointed triumph-
antly to Yorktown as another evidence of his
lack of capacity and judgment,—another
Manassas affair, said they,—a regular six-
months' siege, and through the hottest and
most unhealthy season of the year also. They
had been entertaining the idea (deluded souls)
that our army would move steadily and ir-
resistibly onward, brushing all obstacles like
straws from its path. Their programme in-
cluded all sorts of miracles on our behalf, cow-
ardly foes, easy victories, forts that can be
stormed or flanked in a jiffy with the loss of
hardly a dozen lives, bridges thoughtfully left
undamaged, roads unobstructed. Provision
trains are unnecessary, plenty to eat in Old
Virginia. As for ammunition that is all non-
sense; the bayonet is the thing, boys. See
how Secesh ran at the sight of cold steel at
Roanoke, Newbern, Mill Springs. Their motto
was Dash ahead, make a great spurge,—
Secesh will vanish and the Union be saved.
In short, T. U. to Luck.

But you see we trusted to him at Bull's
Run and Ball's Bluff, and surely he did not
betray us there.

McClellan resolved to take Yorktown by a
regular siege. It was said that Secesh was
jubilant at the idea. The Yankees could
never take Yorktown in this way, never,
though they fought till doomsday. Secesh
stood up on the ramparts of this, his most re-
markable specimen of a Sebastopol, and mag-
animously took the beautiful land of the South
under his safe protection. Hope smiled upon
him, and his bosom swelled exultant. I will
keep the dastardly invader at bay, cooped up
in the Peninsula. He shall never get near
enough to our home to get a peep at Mrs.
Secesh and Little Secesh, or to meddle with
profane fingers in the sacred institution. And
so Secesh fell to making Little Secesh a rattle
from a Manassas bone with his two-foot bowie-
knife. But one morning he woke up and
looked out of the window. Something that
rivalled Aladdin's palace in the speed of com-
pleteness with which it had been created,
stood under his nose. Secesh rubbed his eyes
and looked again. There they were—forts,
redoubts, ridgipits, while

"Sudden and silent and like couchant lions"

through their embrasures two-hundred-
pounder Parrot guns watched him in grim de-
fiance. Secesh had nothing like them in his
inventory—and then there were the gunboats,
which had an ugly way of walking up to a
fort and raining 11-inch shells upon the de-
voted garrison. Secesh pondered—resolved—
and the next morning was gone.

So Yorktown became ours; and the world
saw a sight unparalleled in history;—an army
powerfully armed, boastful, confident, securely
entrenched, flying from an enemy hardly their
superior in numbers.

Then came the hot pursuit of the fugitives,
through mud, across swollen streams and a-
mong dense thickets and forests till they
turned at bay for one short day at Williams-
burg. Beaten again, again they fled—defy-
ing the Union army to follow them to Rich-
mond. Will they fight there? It seems that
they will—it is their only hope. To-day (the
22d) we listen in suspense for the news of an-
other battle. God grant the victory be on our
side. Ultimately the power of the great North
will crush their wicked rebellion;—but it seems
almost too much to hope that we shall win
every battle.

The taking of New Orleans is something to
be grateful for, in a manner in which it
was done to be proud of. How the brave jar-

The Gallaudet Guide and Deaf Mutes' Companion.

and gallant officers of our Navy do fight for the Stars and Stripes. They carry victory everywhere. God bless them one and all.

PHILIP.

The Clero Literary Association.

St. Peter's Church for Deaf-mutes, at Boston, was the scene of interesting exercises on the evening of Wednesday the 7th ult. The occasion was the inauguration of the Clero Literary Association, an organization of Deaf-mutes for the purpose of religious, moral, and intellectual improvement.

Between eighty and ninety mutes were present, and the church was well filled with their hearing friends. The addresses of President, Homer, Mr. Amos Smith, Jr., and the venerable Prof. Laurent Clerc, will be found subjoined.

PRESIDENT HOMER'S ADDRESS.

GENTLEMEN, associates of the Clero Literary Association:—It gives me much pleasure to welcome you here, and to meet so many other mute friends who come to witness and assist at this inauguration.

We have recently formed a literary society for the purpose of having lectures in the autumn and winter in this city. We have named it in honour of Prof. Laurent Clerc, who left his native France in 1816, and came with Dr. Thomas H. Gallaudet to this country. They founded the first Institution at Hartford Conn., in which many Deaf and Dumb were educated in the sign language.

They also assisted to spread the system of instruction throughout the United States.

Mr. Clerc has faithfully served as an instructor for the period of forty years, and is now retired from active duties. He has kindly accepted our invitation and will address you this evening. You will all be pleased to hear one, who has so long been our instructor and guide.

There will be a Bible Class in this church on Sundays, and religious services when Mr. Gallaudet returns to this city, to which all of you are invited to attend.

To those who are blessed with speech and hearing, but do not understand the sign language and who have done us the honour to be present at this meeting, and to take an interest in our welfare, Rev. Mr. Thomas Gallaudet of New York City, a son of Dr. Thomas H. Gallaudet, will kindly act as interpreter and will speak to you in words the thoughts which we express by signs.

Mr. Gallaudet is now the pastor of the Church of St. Ann in New York City, where he preaches orally in the Sunday forenoon to those who can hear and in the afternoons to the deaf-mutes by signs.

I am happy to announce to you that Mr. Amos Smith, Jr., of this city, will first deliver the inaugural address before our Society and I now have the pleasure to introduce Mr. Smith to you.

SYNOPSIS OF MR. SMITH'S REMARKS.

MR. PRESIDENT:—I am glad to see so many familiar faces before me this evening; and to recognize in their countenances marks of deep interest in the objects which have brought us together to-night.

It is the "beginning of the beginning." Massachusetts begins to speak. Her deaf-mute children, hitherto regarded as a band of unfortunates, have organized themselves into an Association, and in a few years this Association will show to the world that the deaf-mute is as fully capable as one in the possession of all his faculties.

And in the selection of a name for our Association there has been appropriateness. The distinguished gentleman honored is here to mingle his congratulations with our own on our forward step. I have great hopes of good from the Association; I believe it to be founded on true principles; and the results that will follow its formation cannot fail to be highly beneficial.

In the lectures we shall have—in the literary debates we shall have—in the Bible-class and the prayer meetings which we shall have, much will be gained,—information, experience in the rough business career of the world, knowledge of the word of God—a clearer, better understanding of its teachings.

When such as these are the object and aim of the Association, who will withhold a helping hand? We desire a library and a room, and the means to secure both. We desire a Church that we may have a Pastor.

This building, by its central location, its size, is peculiarly adapted for our wants. We desire to secure it—it is already sacred to us. Mr. Barrett whom we all loved, was buried from it.

I cannot bear to hear people say this and that is impossible. We have little to expect from those who see no need of exertion, or from those who turn from the complaints and appeals of the Philanthropist and the wish and effort of better things as mere fancy and speculation.

The thing is possible. The public will appreciate our object and lend a helping hand. The building secured, it will then be self-supporting, the Association will thereafter never have occasion to need aid from the country: it will go on doing its work slowly yet surely, causing among other things, as it must do, a modification of the means, as now employed, of instruction to the mute child. The language of signs will be done away with, as far as can be—a better method will be substituted for it; the mute will be made a speaking and apparently a hearing person. Then, in

the eyes of the enlightened public deaf-dumbness will no longer be regarded as a misfortune, for the subject will enjoy himself in life as well as one in full possession of his faculties.

The attempt of a few to thwart us in our efforts for a church cannot be too severely censured. When important issues are involved, like the salvation of the soul, the attempt to teach by one not much acquainted with the scripture, may be attended with very serious consequences. Hitherto the mute has had very little opportunity for a thorough education; the State laws limit his term of instruction to between five and eight years. To suppose that one is qualified to teach with this limited education, is presumptuous. A man professing a desire to go to New York is directed to take his seat in certain car, with the assurance that it will take him thither. He rests secure. Soon the train is off and he is left behind. The car in which he had taken his seat, perhaps by the direction of the conductor, proved not to be coupled with the train. Erroneous instruction, however honestly given, upon vital points of Christianity, may be productive of results as fatal as if there had been a direct design and purpose to deceive on the part of those who gave it.

But I will not enlarge. I must give way to our distinguished visitor, whom, Mr. President, all are impatient to hear.

PROFESSOR CLERC'S ADDRESS.

MY DEAR FRIENDS AND OLD PUPILS:—You have invited me through your Secretary, Amos Smith Jr. Esq., to come and attend the inauguration of your Literary Society which you have been pleased to call after my name; viz: "The Clero Literary Association." With pleasure I have accepted your invitation, and here I stand before you, I can truly say that I feel a just pride in seeing that the American Asylum at Hartford for the education and instruction of the Deaf and Dumb has been the means of doing so much good, and has produced so many evidences of intelligence and learning.

Our school was the first of its kind ever established in America, and not only through the exertions of the late Dr. Mason F. Cogswell, Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet, and your humble speaker, but also by the generous subscriptions and contributions of the ladies and gentlemen in Hartford and other towns of New England. Its object has been to educate the Deaf and Dumb not only to communicate their ideas and to form their reason and understanding, but also to procure their subsistence. On leaving the Institution, the Deaf and Dumb are all capable of following a trade or profession and able to engage in some employment that may secure their maintenance. Their apprenticeship begins on their entering and is terminated with their instruction. This apprenticeship takes place under the superintendence of several masters. It has also enabled many among you to become the teachers of your unfortunate fellow-beings. It has qualified many gentlemen and ladies who hear and speak, to teach other deaf and dumb persons in the other schools which have since been established in several other portions of the United States.

Now, my dear friends, let me ask what is the object of your Society? I presume it is to be for the purpose of occasionally meeting together and conversing with each other for mutual improvement,—of occasionally giving lectures during the winter seasons,—of discussing the news of the day and of interesting yourselves also about arts and sciences. Well, what is science? I will tell you. It is a most useful thing for us all. It is one of the first ornaments of man. There is no dress which embellishes the body more than science does the mind; but we must know how to distinguish useful sciences from those that are of no real advantage. I have read somewhere that Pittacus, one of the seven wise men of Greece, had composed a great book on a mill-stone, and that another man had made a most elegant and pompous eulogium on a fly!

This was, methinks, losing one's time for very insignificant objects, besides abusing the reader's patience for a very unimportant thing. There are some things which it is dangerous to know, among which is a too curious knowledge of genealogies. Certain men apply themselves to nothing but to remark what is most advantageous for their own families. It is a great deal better to be ignorant of the defects of others, than to become acquainted with them on purpose to decry them. Those who charge their memories with such things are to be regarded as enemies of their country and as pests of society. Every decent man and every real gentleman, in particular ought to apply himself, above all things, to the study of his native language, so as to express himself with ease and gracefulness. Let a man be ever so learned, he cannot give a high idea of himself or of his science if he speak a low vulgar language. After the mother language, dead languages deserve the first attention of a man who wishes to become a scholar. The Romans, once the masters of the world, called the other nations who did not know the language of Rome barbarians. So, now that there are so many schools for the deaf and dumb in the United States, I will call barbarians those deaf and dumb persons who do not know how to write, read and cipher. Finally, a well educated man, a gentleman by example, ought to add to the knowledge of one or several living languages

of ancient and modern history, mathematics and geography. The knowledge of history is extremely useful. It lays before our eyes the great picture of the generations that have preceded us; and in relating the events which passed in their time, we are taught to follow what is good and to avoid what is bad in our own time. It lays before us the precepts of all ages and acquaints us with their maxims. The crimes of the wicked are of no less use to us. Seldom does divine justice let them remain unpunished. The fatal consequences that always attend them, preserve us from the seduction of bad example, and we endeavor to become good as much through interest as inclination, because there is every thing to lose in being wicked and every thing to gain by being good.

It is to the conception of this great and good man, the Abbe De L'Epee, that we are indebted for the invention of our manual alphabet, our system of signs and method of instruction. Certain individuals in Spain or Germany or Holland or England may have attempted to teach the deaf and dumb before the Abbe, but their alphabet, signs and mode of instruction were quite different from those of the Abbe's and were so inefficient and so unsuccessful, that those gentlemen had to give them up and to come themselves or send substitutes to the school of the Abbe to learn his method of instruction; and now with the exception of England who, in general, feels too proud to take lessons of her more successful neighbors, the method of the Abbe is adopted throughout Europe. If any thing extraordinary has been done, it is merely in the tuition of articulation.

In conclusion we can now rejoice that that barrier no longer exists, which had separated for several centuries the deaf and dumb from those who heard and speak, and which a charitable Philanthropist of France had the courage and the talent to overcome. I must, however, own that he left much to be done, that his successor, the Abbe Sicard, has greatly improved the method; but had there been no Abbe De L'Epee, there would have been no Abbe Sicard. Let honor, glory and eternal gratitude, therefore, be awarded to those two benefactors of friends of humanity and repairers of the wrongs of Nature. Let ever be gratefully remembered and cherished those friends who for you, projected and founded an Institution in this country, which has so much improved and benefited you all. But great glory, everlasting praise and thanksgiving be rendered above all to God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth and of all things visible and invisible.

Boston, May 21, 1862.

LAURENT CLERC, Esq.,—My dear sir:—It is my pleasant duty to convey to you the thanks of the CLERO LITERARY ASSOCIATION for the eloquent address delivered by you on the occasion of its inauguration, on the 7th inst. A vote to that effect was presented and unanimously adopted at a meeting of the Association on the 14th inst.—a meeting unprecedentedly full and enthusiastic.

The Board of Officers on the 19th inst. adopted a similar vote.

Please accept these tokens of unaffected esteem and unfeigned gratitude from a class of people for whom you have labored so much, and yet profited peculiarly so little.

AMOS SMITH, JR.,
Sec'y C. L. A.

For the Guide.

History in Words.

THERE is a history in words as well as in nations. And this history is very often interesting, if not instructive. This history is sometimes most indelibly written. It is faithfully written because written unconsciously. And he that studies his language at all, will be richly repaid for tracing up the history as well as the derivation of the words that compose it. This sort of study is peculiarly profitable and pleasant in the case of our own language, from the fact that so many languages enter into its composition. An eminent writer testifying to the truth of this, thus deposes: "There are cases in which more knowledge of more value may be conveyed by the history of a word than by the history of a campaign." Take for an example the word *tantalize*.—It is plainly derived from the Latin *Tantalus*, and this evidently originally from the Greek *Tantalos*. Tantalus was one king of Lydia, who for some misdemeanor or towards the gods was fabled in ancient story to have been cast into the Plutonic hades for punishment. He was merged in a pool of water up to his chin, with an unnatural thirst created within him, and as often as he essayed to quench his burning thirst, the water suddenly flowed away until beyond his reach. Around and above his head, boughs laden with tempting fruit hung suspended; but whenever he moved to reach the fruit, an adverse blast of wind caused the boughs suddenly to recede beyond his grasp. A tremendous stone was slightly attached above him, seeming ever just upon the verge of being precipitated upon his unlucky pate. And thus, between the present fear of bodily torture and the eternally recurring disappointment from his failure to gratify excited desire, the misery of this heaven-offending culprit was perpetuated.

Then coming down to the present stage of

our language, what a richness and beauty of meaning do all our words derived from *Tantalus* convey: as for instance, in the examples: "A prince was tantalized with the prospect of a throne;" "Miss ——— tantalized her lover with the hope of obtaining her hand;" "The changing phases of affairs in our present war must be tantalizing to the feelings of the great leaders of the rebellion."

Take again the word *herculean*. It is only by tracing this word up to the fountain head of its history, as being formed from *Hercules*, the name of the celebrated Grecian hero and demi-god, that we can appreciate adequately its value in such expressions as "herculean labor," "herculean task," "herculean strength," "herculean endurance," etc.

Although it be true that the historical subjects which serve as the foundation of these words were mythological personages, yet the history, as far as the language and the etymology is concerned, is true and reliable, and if faithfully studied, profitable and delightful to the student.

Let us now consult an example of an entirely different character. There is the word *pollux*, which we have heard so often repeated since the beginning of the Confederate rebellion. According to good authorities it is derived from the two Latin words *pollex*, *truncus*, the English of which is *mained in the thumb*. And the transformation of these words into *pollux*, and then their gradually gliding into *pollux*, is very easy and natural. The signification of the original words carries us back to the days when cowardly fellows mutilated themselves by cutting off the right thumb to obtain exemption from duty on the battle-field in times of war, the right thumb being indispensable in the proper management of the bow. That base men have deformed themselves to escape the hardships of war, we have abundance of historical evidence, aside from any connection with the history of the word *pollux*, and evidence even in recently modern times. In "Horne Tooke's Diversions of Purley," in Chapter II. of Volume Second, is quoted the case of one Samuel Caradise, whose mutilation occurred in the last century. He was put in prison, and was to be sent for punishment on board a ship of the King. But just before his departure, his wife came with mallet and chisel, and he putting his right hand out under the door of the prison, she struck off a finger and a thumb, to render him unfit for his majesty's service. And contemporaneous historians mention the fact, that during the wars of Napoleon Bonaparte, many deprived themselves of the right fore-finger, rather than see hard service in that conqueror's campaigns;—the right fore-finger serving substantially the same purpose in the use of the musket that the thumb did in the use of the bow. What a wealth of meaning, then, is hid in the word *pollux*; how interesting and yet how shameful a story, is that which evolves its history; how hot should it thrust into his teeth that he is "a cowardly pollux!"—one willing rather to undergo the sufferings of a self-mutilation of his right hand, than share the dangers and honor with his fellow-countrymen in the day of his country's peril!

I might indicate still other words, but will not, for my purpose was only to call attention to one line of refreshing and richly-yielding study. However pleasant it might be to me to extend my remarks on this subject for the readers of the GUIDE, I will refrain, as Trench in his "Study of Words," and Tooke in the "Diversions of Purley," have discussed the subject in its height and depth, and in a very extended manner; and will only hope that some one fond of philological pursuits may be led to amass for himself the treasures of a subject, productive of more enduring riches than the fields of California.

C. H. T.

A Little Deaf-Mute Boy's Argument.

A teacher of a class of little deaf-mute pupils was one day giving them a lesson in language in which he wrote several sentences about the cat, such as—The cat can walk. The cat can jump. She can run, &c. &c. He then began to tell what the cat could not do, thus: The cat cannot write. She cannot read, &c. Finally he wrote, the cat cannot count. An intelligent, quick-eyed little fellow who was closely watching the words, as soon as he saw this, and had ascertained the meaning of the word *count*, jumped off his seat, telling him he was wrong in saying the cat could not count. "How so?" said his teacher. "I have a cat at home that can count," said the little fellow. "How can you prove to me that she can count?" said the teacher. The little fellow then very earnestly and graphically related to his teacher how once upon a time the old cat had four very little kittens in a barrel in the barn. One day when the cat was away from her brood, he went to the barrel and took out one of the kittens and brought it into the house. Soon the old cat returned to the barrel and looked in upon her kittens. She immediately left them and came into the house mewing and looking anxiously about as if in pursuit of the lost kitten. He then gave her the kitten. She took it carefully up in her mouth and gladly went back to the barrel quite satisfied that she had all her kittens. Did not that prove that the cat could count? And the teacher acknowledged that the little fellow was right.

For the Guide.

Administering an Oath to a Deaf Man.

A few weeks ago, I was summoned to court for the first time in my life, as a witness.

One morning, last November, I missed my two pet sheep, and after much search, learned that a flock had been driven along the road by moonlight towards Newark. I tracked the flock to a butcher's pen in Newark, and found my sheep still alive. The drover blustered, cursed and swore awfully, so I am told, but finally gave up my two sheep and paid damages, rather than be prosecuted for stealing. Sometime after, a farmer living a few miles farther in the country, who had lost his sheep at the same time, hearing of my adventure, called on me for information. My recollection of the sheep I saw agreed with the description of the one he lost. He was too late to find his sheep alive, or to overtake the drover; but he brought an action against the butcher for "Trove and Conversion," (the legal phrase for getting possession of your neighbor's property) and subpoenaed me as a witness. "Under penalty of one hundred dollars," (so the

writ of subpoena said.) I had to go nine miles on a rainy day, feeding myself and horse. I am glad my deafness prevents my being often called on as a witness.

When I presented myself on the witness stand, the clerk who should swear me looked as if he never saw a deaf man in his life before; but after some delay and consultation, he brought the oath written out, and placed it before me to read, requiring me to lay my hand on the book at the same time. Having read the oath, binding me to "tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—so help you God," I kissed the book, as I had seen other witnesses do; and the lawyers then brought forward their questions written on slips of paper. I gave my answers in writing. I understood that my evidence was considered satisfactory. The Jury found for the Plaintiff, who thus got a judgment for the value of the sheep; but, as the butcher is a slippery fellow, I am not sure if the Plaintiff will finally get the money. It is very likely the butcher will contrive to have no property when the Sheriff comes to demand payment. I hope, however, the butchers of Newark will be more careful hereafter who they buy sheep of.

In my case, who understand writing perfectly, the examination was very properly made in writing. But there are many deaf-mutes who understand writing imperfectly; and in the case of such, it is necessary to have a sworn interpreter familiar with their dialect of signs, or of words and signs mixed. On this point, the reader may consult Dr. Peet's valuable Report on the Legal Rights and Liabilities of the Deaf and Dumb, published in the proceedings of the Convention at Staunton.

J. R. B.

LIVINGSTON, N. J., May, 1862.

Literary Societies for Mutes.

DANVILLE, Ky., May 1862.

MR. H. W. SYLVE: Dear Sir:—It was with some little surprise that I observed in the columns of your last number my hastily prepared abstract of the Constitution and By-Laws of our Deaf-Mute Society. If I had had the remotest conception that it was ever to see the light through the GUIDE, it should have received rather more attention, especially in the particular of punctuation. But, as you have been pleased to lay my communication before your readers for inspection and criticism, I feel constrained to write you a word additional in behalf of Deaf-Mute Societies in general, and our own in particular.

There are several beneficial results which, we think, may be accomplished by a Society among the pupils of an Institution. (1.) It affords them entertainment and employment during otherwise unoccupied time. (2.) It excites them to make researches into books and subjects that cannot be called to their attention in the school-room, and which, were it not for the Society, many, perhaps most of them, would never feel any inclination to examine. (3.) A literary or debating Society makes the pupils familiar with words and phrases and ideas in relation to parliamentary proceedings, that cannot be explained to them so perspicuously in any other way as by the actual working of a Society before them. (4.) Those who are called upon to perform before the Society as officers and speakers, acquire a self-possession before an audience, and an ability to manoeuvre in public, and a grace of manner, and a method of expression, and a maturing cultivation generally that is of inestimable value. (5.) The last but not the least advantage of a Society—it contributes materially to make the mute contented and happy at school.

As to the first point: The meetings of a Society among the pupils do not necessarily interfere with the other stated, regular and important duties of the school or business of the Institution. Our own Society holds its meetings in the chapel of the Institution, on Saturday afternoon—assembling at a convenient hour, according to the changing seasons of the year. The afternoon of Saturday, with us, is the only time during the whole week which the pupils claim as their own. Before the founding of the Society, it was usually spent by the boys in dull fishing, and listless wandering about the woods and vacant crowd-gazing along the streets, and by the girls in childish plays and weary idleness. But now Saturday afternoon is looked forward to with delight in view of an entertaining and instructive lecture or address, and is prepared for with a promptness and diligence by all that gives a pleasant evidence to an observer of the interest felt in the proceedings of the little body. The Society is in session from two to four hours each regular meeting.

Who would undertake to appraise the worth of this pleasant and profitable employment in a new field, with all its healthy influences upon the pupils, once every week of the school term, and for six or seven years in succession?

I do not think there need be any fear that the pupils will devote themselves to the Society to the neglect of other things of more vital importance. Ours have always properly recognized the engagements of the school as paramount to the duties and requirements of the Society, and have demeaned themselves accordingly. I do not think, therefore, that any who are revolving the matter need have any apprehensions on this score.

In regard to the second of the results mentioned above, we have found that our speakers have used a most commendable diligence and care in preparing the duties and performances assigned them. We have a library of some seven hundred volumes expressly for the pupils. It consists of works of the most suitable character for mutes that our literature affords. It is opened at stated times; and assistance and advice is given by the teachers in selecting books suitable to the standing and want of the pupil. And I have observed that the library books are liberally used in making preparation for weekly addresses, and for the exercises of our celebration days, December 10th and the Fourth of July.

The success with which a little fellow of three or four years standing in school, will extract the substance of a story-book by his own unaided efforts, for his exercise in Society, is most gratifying even to our most ardent wishers.

The news of the day—the war, as it is termed—forms a large ingredient of the mental entertainment. Without the Society as an incentive, it would be rather difficult to get very many of our pupils to take much interest in the papers, and next to impossible to get them to keep up with the general course of events in the living world around them. By means

of the Society, the teachers are able to give

the pupils, and the pupils to give to each other,—the older to the younger—a vast amount of general information, which it is not possible to impart in the regular teaching of only a seven years course of instruction.

On the third head,—the knowledge of parliamentary proceedings, etc., derived from a Society,—I feel that I could not lay too much stress. There are a host of words—constitution, by-law, motion, resolution, reconsider, second, lay on the table, suspending rules, withdraw, quorum, plan, city and majority votes, etc., of which, by a tract explanation and illustrative examples, mutes can never get any adequate comprehension; but in a Society they have them constantly in actual, visible and intelligible explanation. And thus the teachers are saved a great deal of laborious illustration. By the aid of the knowledge obtained in conducting a debating Society, mutes can read the reports of our Congressional and Legislative proceedings with much more interest and intelligent appreciation than they ever could, or even can, without.

On the fourth point, I do not think it worth while to say any thing by way of explanation. The general statement I deem sufficient. Every item mentioned, every intelligent mute, and every instructor and friend of mutes, will understand very readily to be of practical value and worthy of consideration.

As to the fifth result: I do not wish to be understood by any of your readers as implying by the statement, that a Society contributes to the contentment and happiness of the pupils at school, that our pupils are discontented and unhappy without, or that there is danger of such a thing in any Institution. A Society is not an essential element, but a very agreeable addition,—a sort of seasoning in the way of luxury.

The class-room is the stage on which the teacher performs; the floor of the Society the stage on which the pupil performs. In the school, the pupil is restrained, and his attention limited to certain subjects, but in the Society his movements are all voluntary and perfectly free so long as they are directed to proper subjects. There is a luxury in freedom from restraint that is precious to the human soul, and that no one can understand who has not experienced it. The mute feels himself under restraints of some sort all the days of his pupillage,—his life at school he thinks is a sort of gentle bondage his parents have put him in, for the sake of his education, and to be so improved that he can at least of himself work the complicated machinery of a literary Society is gratifying to his pride, excites his energies and makes him love attaches him in bonds of earnest affection to his alma mater.

These results I have been attempting to describe, we not only proposed to accomplish by our Society, but have accomplished to such an extent, we feel that all labor and pains taken to get the thing under headway and to keep it in successful operation have been abundantly and more than abundantly repaid. If, for one, would be willing to make considerable sacrifices rather than it should fall through. The idea and plan of it were conceived not as the result of an effort to do something, but a happy incidental thought since suggested it to one of our teachers. A Constitution was written—the Society formed, and the whole set set afloat as an experiment. And it has worked admirably. It was a pioneer effort; therefore its success is to be rejoiced over the more. As it was but an attempt, its plan and modes of operation are doubtless susceptible of great improvement. We aim at perfection, but we do not say we have attained it yet. But—I will relieve your patience. I have a few more words to add, but I will reserve them for a future occasion.

Yours, Truly
CAROLINE.

For the Guide.

MR. EDITOR, I have not seen any solution of the enigma which appeared on the third page of your April number. I gave a few spare minutes to it, and thought the word *parent* answered the several conditions set forth.

J. R. B.

Record of the Rebellion.

THE PAST MONTH.

April 25.—Fort Mifflin, Ga., garrisoned by 420 Rebels, surrendered to the Union forces.

April 26.—Rebels defeated at Neosho Mo., with a loss of 100 killed and taken prisoners.

The official report of the Battle of Pittsburg Landing, on the 8th and 9th of April, represents our loss at 13,661; of this number only 2,000 were killed, the remainder being wounded and missing. Three or four thousand dead Rebels were buried by our men; the loss on that side must have been not far from 15,000.

May 3.—Yorktown evacuated by the Rebels, who fall back towards Richmond, closely pursued by McClellan. They left 71 heavy guns in their fortifications, with large quantities of military stores; and quite a number of our men were killed and wounded by the explosion of the torpedoes they left concealed scattered about their works.

In a skirmish at Farmington, near Corinth, Miss., Gen. Pope takes between two and three hundred prisoners.

May 5.—Battle of Williamsburg, Va. Rebel loss, 1,500 to 2,000; Union loss, about 250. Norfolk surrendered to Gen. Wool. The retreating Rebels set the Navy Yard at Gosport on fire, and blew up the *Albatross*.

May 15.—Unsuccessful attack of our gunboats on Fort Darling, on the James River.

May 23.—Vicksburg, Miss., surrenders.

May 24.—The Government calls for 50,000 more men to supply losses.

May 24.—Gen. Banks, whose force had been reduced to 4,000, is attacked at Front Royal, Va. by 15,000 Rebels under Gen. Jackson. He executes a most masterly retreat of 55 miles, crossing the Potomac at Williamsport, Md., with comparatively small loss. It being feared that Gen. Jackson would attack Washington, the Militia is again called to the protection of the capital, the N. Y. 7th being once more first in the field.

May 27.—We take Hanover Court House, Va., losing some 250, from the Rebels, who lost about four times that number.

May 31.—Corinth, Miss., evacuated by the Rebels in great haste.

May 31 & June 1.—Battle of Fair Oaks, Va. Rebel loss, 6,000, including no less than five generals; Union loss, 3,500 to 3,750 wounded, 1,422 missing.

Text Books for Mutes.

ONE great difficulty of my life as a teacher has been in selecting suitable text books for my classes. For many years after the Institution in which I live was established, every teacher made his own text books. But of late years, since juvenile literature has been increased so many fold, it has been thought best to have printed books, even though they were not adapted to our purposes. The era of their introduction dates farther back than the era of my own inauguration as instructor. And so I have had to hunt up text books from the beginning. By dint of considerable labour in rummaging bookstores and ransacking the catalogues of publishing houses, I have been able to make some few selections that meet our wants pretty satisfactorily, and some which I do not care about my uninspired intellect making any attempts to improve upon. The good books that I have been successful in obtaining, allow me, Mr. Editor, to enumerate, with the hope that I may confer a small favor upon some of my co-laborers in the work of education, who have labored, and perhaps are still laboring under the same sort of difficulty; and what I yet stand in earnest need of, allow me to lay before the readers of the GUIDE AND COMPANION, hoping that some one interested in the matter may publish a suggestion or two that may save me time and pains in the future.

With beginners, I now use, in common with all the other instructors in our Institution, Mr. J. A. Jacobs' little book of "Primary Lessons," in two volumes. With all the objections that can be made to it, I think it is decidedly the best book of its kind that has as yet appeared on either side of the Atlantic. Brim full of information and copiously illustrated with generally suitable pictures, it has been the delight of every pupil I have ever taken over its pages. It has, it is true, rather more of the strong meat than of the milk of the language for the babes in education. Yet it is infinitely superior to any work of its kind that I have ever seen, and I would recommend it without hesitation to all whose lot is to deal with pupils in the earlier stages of their education.

As a book to follow the "Primary Lessons," I do not wish any thing more suitable than Jacob Abbott's "Learning to Talk," or the "Second," of Marcus Wilson's Course of Readers. With a good scarcity of difficult words—words that are necessary to be explained by illustrative examples—with a very pleasing variety, and with splendid illustrative cuts, they cannot fail to attract and improve the dull and most unlikable minds. In Institutions where there are quite a number of classes, both of them might very properly be made standing text books.

For a book to effect pupils of about three or four years' standing to think and make original effort, and to make them familiar with very idiomatic English, Abbott's "About Common Things" is a very superior little work. Almost the whole of the book is written in the form of questions, yet the number of these detract not from the interest of the book. It is one of the very few books that its numerous questions have not rendered insufferably dull.

By the way, I will take occasion just here to remark on questions, that although I think they are very indispensable as a means to induce mute pupils to think, and that they enable them to get at the gist of a matter better perhaps than any other form of language; yet there are very many good objections to text books written entirely in the form of questions, or question and answer. One objection is, that teaching by the method of questions gives the pupil but poor opportunities for the formation of anything like style. A second objection is, that it affords no facilities for writing connected composition, which is quite as important as questions. A third is, that books gotten up in the interrogative form rarely excite the interest of a class. And one of the most essential things in teaching is to have the pupils interested in a study, whether it be a very important study or not. I think there is great truth as well as poetry in the lines,

"No profit grows where no interest dwells,
In order, strictly that, a most excellent fact."
One of the chief excellencies of Mr. Jacobs' "Primary Lessons" consists, I think, in the number, form, and arrangement of the questions that it contains.

I have been in the habit, while teaching books composed entirely of questions and answers, of making my class turn every lesson, immediately after it has been recited, into simple sentences. It is a good exercise, in Geography for instance, especially with a class of slow pupils.

Miss Cornell's series of Geographies, is the best I have met with, for mutes. The "First Lessons, or Steps" and the "Primary Geography" are the most suitable ones for our profession. I have taught a little "First Lessons in Geography" by Montfith. But it does not contain much, and is very superficial. Miss Cornell's perspicuity and simplicity in giving geographical definitions recommend her books to teachers upon first sight, whether they be teachers of speaking children or of deaf-mutes.

After a class has been taught a smattering of Geography—for we have time in a seven years course to give them only a smattering—the best—of the best, but the very best

—thing in the English language to put into their hands, undoubtedly is "Near Home, or the Countries of Europe described." I am indebted to Rev. Mr. Turner, Principal of the American Asylum at Hartford, for a first sight of this incomparable book for children and mutes. During a visit to the Hartford Institution two summers ago, he incidentally pointed it out to me as one of their standing text books. If this sketch should happen to fall under the eye of Mr. Turner, I would say to him, I am happy to have this opportunity of rendering him my hearty thanks for calling my attention to so valuable a book for mutes. To be able to hear of such a book, is richly worth the passage money from my place of residence to Hartford and back, which is by no means a slight distance.

"Far Off," by the author of "Near Home," is a little book of pretty much the same style and character. It is a description of the countries of Asia. It is quite as interesting as "Near Home," but not so important, and therefore I do not lay so much stress upon it. It would serve as a collateral study. And what we, at our institution, mean by collateral studies is this. After a class has gone through a text book, and are reviewing it, give them a new book, and let them get lessons in it daily, with or without any instruction or help from the teacher beforehand, and let them be questioned upon these occasionally. This plan encourages pupils to self-effort. And we have found it to work well with classes that had not their time fully occupied with one study. We have taught some of Abbott's series after this manner, and found it very improving.

Another mode with us of making collateral studies has been to teach some book about half through, and then, after the pupils have got the hang of the subject and style of the work, to let them study the rest of it themselves collaterally, and when we begin this, to put some new subject before them.

For the last year or two, I have had my attention drawn to the subject of Grammar particularly. And I have at last found a Grammar that suits my wants very well. And I think I can very safely recommend it to any one in search of a good grammatical text book. It is a Primary Grammar by Pinney, author of the "Anytistical Grammar." The most noticeable characteristic of the book is that it presents the difficulties one by one to the mind of the pupil. It does not confront the pupil with half a dozen hard principles of language at a time, each one of which, it will take him a week at least to master thoroughly. But the pupil glides along so gradually that he oftentimes finishes the book without ever discovering that there are any very great difficulties to be encountered. Moreover, the book is comprehensive, and a pupil, by a diligent study of it, will gather about as much as he will from any small work in the language.

Among the subjects on which I have not been able to suit myself with text books, are Arithmetic, Political History, Natural History, and Natural Philosophy.

I have tried about all the different works on Arithmetic within reach, but am persuaded yet, that all the Arithmetics we have, prepared especially for speaking schools, are, beyond the very first rudiments and rules, of but little benefit generally to congenitally-deaf pupils. I understood some time since that Prof. Edward Peet of the N. Y. Institution, lately deceased, had prepared an Arithmetic for mutes, and have been looking forward with some eagerness for its publication, but I learn that it is yet in manuscript.

If I should get out an arithmetical work of my own devising, it would contain nothing very original or profound about the plan. What I would like to have is something of an exceedingly simple and perspicuous character. I think I could, in six or eight weeks, manufacture a better Arithmetic for mutes than has yet come under my notice. But the great difficulty about preparing books designedly for the deaf and dumb, is the cost of publication. And I do hope that this difficulty will vanish before the progress of deaf-mute education in this broad land!

It has been the custom in our Institution for years past, to publish with the list of the classes, a list of the text books that each has studied during the past year. Other Institutions would confer a common benefit upon the profession by adopting the same plan in some measure. I would be gratified to have a comparison of views among the brethren upon the subject. Permanent good possibly may be done; valuable hints may be given; certainly we may thereby become better acquainted.

LAST Winter a little boy who was deaf and talked as he did when he was three years old, with the peculiar devotional character so frequently found in such unfortunate, had been praying every night for snow. At last it came. As soon as he saw it, he rushed into his sister's room, shouting:

"I so very happy indeed! All up in the sky work so very hard! Papa in the sky, (his name for God,) brother John, little sister, all work so very hard indeed all night making snow for Gotham; and he fell on his knees exclaiming, thank you Papa in the sky,—thank you for snow!"

—With Abbott's article, "The Infant Class," in the N. Y. Independent, May 5th.

Learn to the Last.

SOCRATES at an extreme age learned to play on musical instruments, for the purpose of resisting the wear and tear of old age.

Cato, at eighty years of age, thought proper to learn the Greek language.

Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty, commenced the study of Latin.

Boccaccio was thirty-five years of age when he commenced his studies in polite literature; yet he became one of the three great masters of the Tuscan dialect, Dante and Petrarch being the other two. There are many among us ten years younger than Boccaccio, who are dying of ennui, and regret that they were not educated to a taste for literature; but now they are too old.

Sir Henry Spelman neglected the sciences in his youth, but commenced the study of them when he was between fifty and sixty years of age. After this time he became a most learned antiquarian and lawyer. Our young men begin to think of laying their seniors on the shelf when they have reached sixty years of age. How different the present estimate put upon experience from that which characterized a certain period of the Grecian republic, when a man was not allowed to open his mouth in political meetings who was under forty years of age.

Culbert, the famous French minister, at sixty years of age returned to his Latin and law studies. How many of our college-learned men have ever looked into their classics since their graduation.

Ludovic, at the great age of 115, wrote the memoirs of his own times. A singular exertion, noticed by Voltaire, who was himself one of the most remarkable instances of the progress of age in new studies.

Ogilby, the translator of Homer and Virgil, was unacquainted with Latin and Greek till he was past fifty.

Franklin did not fully commence his philosophical pursuits till he had reached his fiftieth year. How many among us of thirty, forty and fifty, who read nothing but newspapers for the want of a taste for natural philosophy. But they are too old to learn.

Accorso, a great lawyer, being asked why he began the study of law so late, answered that indeed he began it late, but he should therefore master it the sooner. This agrees with our theory, that healthy old age gives the man the power of accomplishing a difficult study in much less time than would be necessary to one of half his years.

Dryden, in his sixty-eighth year, commenced the translation of the Iliad; and his most pleasing productions were written in his old age.

We could go on and cite thousands of examples of men who commenced a new study and struck out into an entirely new pursuit, either for livelihood or amusement, at an advanced age. But every one familiar with the biography of distinguished men will recollect individual cases enough to convince him that none but the sick and indolent will ever say, I am too old to study.

THE BOSTON DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.—APPEAL TO THE BENEVOLENT.—Our neighbors of this class have for some time been united in an organization which had no distinct religious basis. This is now dissolved. And a question of great importance to them is, how can they, in their inability either to form denominational churches, or to derive benefit from ordinary ministrations, be placed under religious instruction and enjoy a worship adapted to their necessities?

It is not desirable to form one denominational Deaf-Mute Church, by which those now in the membership of other denominations shall be obliged to relinquish either their personal convictions or their church relations.

They are therefore now organizing an association which will leave their present church relations undisturbed, and yet give them the benefits of worship, instruction, and communion adapted to the peculiar circumstances.

To carry out this plan, however, will require liberal aid from the public. The Deaf Mutes generally are dependent on their industry for support, and of course prevented from full competition with others in their efforts for accumulating property. In order, therefore, to support a teacher or pastor, and to meet the expenses of public worship, they must look to us of the more favored classes to assist them.

A collector has been appointed, who will call on the benevolent for aid. But if any persons are disposed to contribute to this cause without further application, they may remit their donations to JOSEPH STORY, Esq., Studio Building, No. 112 Tremont street, who has kindly consented to act as Trustee of the Association. (Signed)

JOHN A. ANDREW. G. W. BLADGEN.
ED. N. KIRK. E. S. TOSEY.
A. L. STONE. JACOB SLEEPER.
J. N. MCWOCK. E. O. HAYES.
GEO. W. GARNER. N. ADAMS.
R. H. NEADE. D. C. EDDY.

A. C. THOMPSON.

A VERY interesting movement is contemplated in behalf of the deaf-mutes residing in Philadelphia, in connection with the new Free Church of St. Chrysostom, of which the Rev. Mr. Cox is rector. It is proposed to incorporate in the plan of this parish some stated

ministrations, public, as well as private, for this interesting class of persons, who are cut off from usual religious privileges. The form of worship of the Episcopal Church has peculiar advantages to them, from the readiness with which they can gain familiarity with it, and can follow, by the frequent changes of posture, with the congregation. But, in addition to this, the service has been carefully translated into the sign language, for their benefit, and is already performed in this manner to a congregation of deaf-mutes, every Sunday afternoon, at St. Ann's church, New York. The rendering of the service by signs, amid perfect silence of both minister and people, is deeply impressive, as well as beautiful; and, together with the sermon, delivered in the same mode, commands the most earnest attention of the silent congregation. The Rev. Mr. Gallaudet, rector of St. Ann's, who is himself connected by closest ties with the "children of silence," his mother and wife being both deaf-mutes, has held repeated services in this city in the sign language, which have been attended by some seventy deaf-mutes, most of them resident in the city. He now proposes so far to systematize this effort, with the ready cooperation of the rector and people of St. Chrysostom's church, as to hold stated services here on the third Sunday afternoon of every month in the sign language, which the deaf-mutes may thus regularly attend. —Philadelphia Inquirer.

TEACHING DEAF-MUTES TO SPEAK—THE RESULT IN KENTUCKY.

SOME years ago, a Baptist clergyman by the name of Robert Anderson, opened a school, near Hopkinsville, Ky., in which he proposed to teach his pupils to speak with the voice—and with that alone.

Some persons of wealth in the state, who had children afflicted with deafness from birth, sent their deaf-mute children to school to Mr. Anderson, upon hearing of his enterprise, fondly clinging to the mere hope that their congenital misfortune might be relieved by his efforts with the oral method. Mr. Anderson collected around him some ten or fifteen pupils. He taught them to jabber and to read after a fashion, and some parents persuaded themselves that their children learned remarkably well. But somehow or other the material improvement was very slight, and the ability to speak manifested by the best of the pupils was far from sufficient to meet the requirements of ordinary life. Parents began to see after a while that the knowledge of language imparted was very superficial. And as a last recourse some of them sent their children to the State Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Danville. And there it was clearly demonstrated that their previous attainments were of little or no value to them in getting an understanding knowledge of the language.

Every one of them had to take a full course of instruction from the primary class up. I made the acquaintance of several of these quondam pupils of Mr. Anderson, while they were at the Institution; and I observed that they invariably ceased to use the voice as soon as they became at all familiar with signs and the manual alphabet.

I recollect particularly one young lady of about twenty years of age, with whom I had very good opportunities for making observations. I talked with her while she was dependent mainly upon her spoken English in her communications, and I never could induce her to try to pronounce a word of more than one or two syllables, nor could I ever get her to understand by reavelling upon the lips a word of four or five syllables. Her own stock of English vocabularies consisted of not more than twenty or thirty words, and they almost entirely words of one and two syllables. She made more real improvement in one session under instruction by signs, than she had made under vocal teaching in all her life before her entrance into the Institution.

After a few years Mr. Anderson died, and his project perished with him.

My own conclusion, from all that I have observed in relation to the plan of giving literally and exclusively oral instruction, is that the majority of congenitally deaf-mutes go through the process of reading and speaking more like automatons than conscious rational beings, having but very little intelligent appreciation of the utterances they make.

CAROLUS.

The grave is said to be the oldest Deaf and Dumb Asylum in the world, inasmuch as those who fill it neither hear nor speak. Abel therefore was the first Deaf-mute of whom we have record, and was the first person admitted to a Deaf and Dumb Asylum.

Farmer's Column.

BEES.

BEES are said to be very profitable stock to keep, requiring only a little attention at swarming time, and a few hives, which any farmer can make. This means, not that farmers in general can get rich by keeping bees; but that they can secure, besides the luxury of honey on your own table, a few dollars yearly for wax and honey, for very little labor. A few dollars from your bees in addition to your other receipts, may turn the balance of your accounts to the right side; an enable you sooner to pay off your mortgage if you are so unfortunate as to have one on you; or to swell your deposit in the Savings

Bank; which should go on accumulating in prosperous times, preparing like the bees themselves for that rainy and wintry day, which is pretty sure to come in old age, if not before.

Professional Bee keepers give many and minute directions for the care of the bees in winter and spring. No doubt it may increase your profits to feed the bees in the spring, and help them by sweeping dead bees and rubbish from under the hives. Also I advise you to raise the hives half an inch or an inch about the first of May, and put a pebble under each corner. This will give the hives air, and the bees more room to work, and enable them to clear away the moths. It is said that a little fine salt strewn under the edge of the hives will help to keep away moths. Others recommend spirits of turpentine.

It is a waste of money to buy patent hives or bee palaces. I have tried extra boxes under and over the hive, put on after the main hive was full, but the bees seldom condescended to store honey in these boxes for me, thus compelling me to follow the old barbarous plan of smothering the bees to get the honey. Others however, have had better luck with these extra boxes, and I advise the reader to try them. When you make your hive, bore a couple of aerules in the top, and cover them with a shingle, lightly fastened down. When you judge it to be full, open the holes at the top, and put another box over it. If the bees will store honey in that, you can take it away, (letting the bees that are under it fly back to the hive,) and thus get part of the honey without killing the bees. Possibly it may be a better plan to put a box with holes in the top under instead of over the hive.

The best place to set your hives is under a pear or apple tree. Apple trees are perhaps best, as they give more shade. There may be a live or two under every tree in an orchard, provided you don't turn horses or cattle in the orchard, as they sometimes upset the hives, and so do hogs.

Perhaps the best shape and size for a hive is one foot square, and fifteen inches deep, with three notches on the south-east side for the bees to go in and out. But when I can not get board wide enough, I find hives of nine or ten inches square and fifteen or sixteen deep will do pretty well. Never forget the cross sticks in the middle of the hive. Never use old decayed hive, unless you are smother the bees the very next fall.

Have your hives ready in season, and watch for the first swarms, which usually come the latter part of May. A second swarm from the same hive may be looked for about nine days after the first. Says the old saw of our English ancestors:

"A swarm in May is worth a load of hay;
A swarm in June is worth a silver spoon;
A swarm in July is not worth a fly."

The last line is rather too severe. A swarm early in July is sometimes worth attending to.

Various sweet smelling herbs, (as balm, a plant of the mint family,) are used to rub hives for swarms. If such are not at hand, clean hives well rubbed with young hickory leaves and salt I have always found to perfectly content the bees. No one need fear being stung by the bees at swarming time even if they happen to light on his person unless they get entangled and squeezed in his hair or clothes or fingers. I have had my head covered by masses of bees shaken off from the swarm, but only got one or two slight stings from bees that got entangled in my hair, and squeezed by the injudicious haste used to brush them off.

WEEDS.

Of the two great enemies of farmers, weeds and insects, the former, fortunately, can be put down speedily and certainly by attending to them in time. Plow and hoe often, and pull up by hand such weeds as cannot be reached by the hoe. Suffer none to go to seed; and your labors will grow lighter every year. Remember that a little labor in killing weeds when they are just peeping above the ground, will save a great deal when they have taken firm hold with their roots and the ground has become harder.

If the weeds have been suffered to grow pretty large, plow or dig them clean under, and they will make good manure. When you wish to remove weeds altogether from your garden or lot, do not throw them in the street, as some do, but in the pig pen. Or if you have no pig, dig a hole and bury them.

Some kinds of weeds are good to feed pigs, for instance, plantain, purslane, and white coxcomb. But I would not raise them for that. Still a good heap of weeds and dirt thrown in the pig pen now and then will make your pig more healthy and happy, and greatly increase your best manure. If you are so lucky as to have few weeds for the pig get a load or two of sods, from the road where the wash has settled after a rain. It will pay well. The pigs will revel in it, and manufacture it into manure better than some kinds of guano.

OTHER NOTES FOR JUNE.

The yellow or Ruta Baga turnip, the most nutritious of the turnip family, should be sown the latter part of June. Wet or clayey ground is not fit for turnips. If you have a flock of sheep, penning them nightly for a few weeks on dry land will make it just fit to turnips.

Some have raised from eight hundred to

a thousand bushels of the Ruta Baga on an acre, enough from one acre to winter five or six cows, with a little hay or straw. To raise such crops, plow deep furrows, which fill with good manure, (sheep dung is best,) cover the manure with a back furrow, and sow your seed on the ridge thus formed. The rows should be wide enough apart to run a plow or cultivator between; and the plants should be thinned out to eight or ten inches apart. Those pulled out are to be used to fill the vacant places.

Cabbages should be set out early in June. It saves much labor if you can get them out in the beginning of a long spell of wet or cloudy weather, so that the plants can get well rooted before the sun comes out on them.

Where sheep are kept, the festivals of sheep washing and sheep shearing come early in June. It would be very profitable to keep sheep, especially on rough hilly land; but for two drawbacks.—One is their propensity to get on your own or your neighbor's winter grain late in the fall, or early in the spring; the second is the danger of having your best sheep killed by dogs. I have had the greater part of my flock killed by dogs several times. In New Jersey, there is a law taxing the dogs to pay the damages done to sheep by unknown dogs. There ought to be such a law in every State.

If you are likely to be scant of fodder, prepare a piece of land to plant corn in rows, three grains to a foot; which cut down and cut in when in full blossom, will make excellent fodder.

Your clover will be fit to mow the latter part of this month. Do not dry it too much. Some advise if you have to put it in the barn rather green, to put alternate layers of dry straw, and green clover. This will prevent the clover from spoiling in the mow, and make good fodder of the straw. J. R. B.

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